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J.S. Sullivan

CORRECT.

Teacher: WHO WAS MOST CONCERNED WHEN ABSALOM GOT HUNG BY THE HAIR?
Tommy: ABS'LOM.



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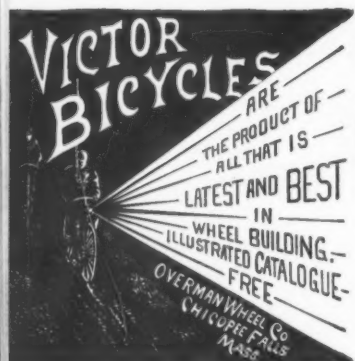
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ck, which for traveling goods is, and will be for
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id finest choice in the world. London, 454 Strand
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Altitude, 1,200 feet. Will be open for the sea-
son of 1890 on Wednesday, June 25. For infor-
mation, address
GEO. M. BROCKWAY, Manager,
Gilsey House, New York City.

THE farmer now doth gird his loins and
rise at half-past three, and stroll about, as
happy as a mortal well could be. Talk to
him now of buncosteers, of three-card-monte
men. He'll smile and say he "doesn't care
a dem for sich ez them." Small fear has he
for sharps just now. Another thing's in
order. He's getting all in readiness to skin
the summer boarder.—*Lawrence American.*

THE NORTHERN SUMMER RESORTS
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not forgetting the famous Excelsior Springs of
Missouri, are more attractive during the pres-
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hundred or more of the choicest spots of crea-
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Softens the Gums, Allays all Pain, Cures Wind
Colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhea.
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The Sportsman's Lament and Joy.

Once upon a noonday dreary,
Whilst a-fishing, lone and weary,
Luckless, thirsty, hungry, sore;
Presently a languid feeling
All-resistless came a stealing
O'er me, and I rowed to shore.

Down I lay there without cover,
When the flies began to hover,
And the bees skipped up my pants:
Gnats and woodticks held high revel;
"Skeeters" stabbed me like the d—,
And the earth seemed black with ants.

Vainly did I seek to slumber;
Bugs and spiders without number
Danced like demons on my head;
Polecats, possums, squirrels, ground-hogs,
Lizards, turtles, beetles, pond-frogs,
Seemed possessed to share my bed.

Thus I lay until the morrow,
Wond'ring if surcease from sorrow
Ever came to human kind,
While the mists of morning lifted,
O'er my nose a paper drifted,
Gently wafted by the wind.

Straightway, then, I ceased all musing,
While the little scrap perusing;
There I read the blissful charms
Of a sleeping-suit, inclosing
An imaginary sportsman, dozing
Like some child in mother's arms.

Thus I read and saw a picture
Of a robe without admixture—
Made of camel's natural wool,
Made with folds that clasp together,
Made to suit all kinds of weather—
For winter, warm: for summer, cool.

So I ordered one to try it—
Let no skeptic here deny it—
Fleas are euchred! "Skeeters" mute,
Robed am I like king in ermine,
Safe from every kind of vermin,
Thanks to "Jaeger's Sleeping-Suit!"

F. S. B.

CORONADO BEACH,
San Diego Co.,
California.

Agassiz said of Coro-
nado: "A climate that
has no equal." The av-
erage mean temperature
for 10 years has been:
July, 67.1; Aug., 69.
For full particulars, ad-
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Manager the HOTEL
DEL CORONADO.

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worth \$500, as special inducements
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corrected for Students who wish to study
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W. W. Osgoodby, Publisher, Roches-
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Simplest and easiest running safeties on the
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The faultless union of two matchless tobac-
cos prevents that dryness of the throat usually
produced by smoking other brands. Do not
allow prejudice to prevent you from giving this
incomparable cigarette a trial. It is simply
perfection, and a luxury, and not a low-priced
article.

Our Vanity Fair and other Smoking Mix-
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Ninth Avenue via Hudson River R. R.
12 minutes from Hotel to Cable Road
(175th Street), connecting with Elevated
Railroads.

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Standard PURE Flavoring
HIGHLY
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EXTRACTS

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Flavoring Extracts of Joseph Burnett & Co.,
Boston, Mass., viz., Vanilla, Lemon, Almond,
Orange, Rose, Celery, Cloves, etc., are used by
us, and we recommend the same as the only
uniformly pure and reliable brand of Flavoring
Extracts. When we demand the best, we always
get "Burnett's."

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Chef at Delmonico's.
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F. FÈRE,
Chef at Astor House.
R. H. SILVERBRANDT,
Chef at Orcutt's.

VOLUME XV.

LIFE

NUMBER 390.

WASHINGTON GOSSIP.

HIGHEST circles are stirred, it is openly said,

By a rumor that's mighty explicit,
That the stout Lady Surplus is shortly
to wed

The dissolute spendthrift—Deficit.
Warden Maylowe.



HOW WE SHAKE HANDS NOWADAYS.



She: AU REVOIR.

Uncle Rufus (who never likes to be taken at a disadvantage): O, CERTAINLY; BY ALL MEANS!

INNOCENCE ABROAD.

NED BUNCO (*accosting Timothy Clover on street*):
How-dy, sir; you seem to be quite familiar with the
city. Will you be good enough to
inform me where I can find the
McGinty statue? I am a stranger
here.

TIMOTHY CLOVER: Kain't al-
lus go by th' looks, friend. I be a
stranger in town my' elf!

NED BUNCO: You don't say so.

TIMOTHY CLOVER: Yep. For
a fac'.

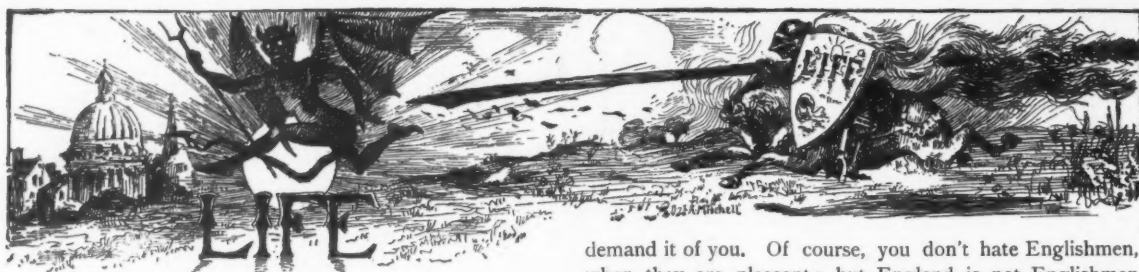
AT THE CRITICISM CLUB.

"CONSIDER the range of
subjects in Shakespeare."

"Perfectly marvelous—but there
is one thing about Shakespeare that
I never could understand."

"What was that?"

"How with his dramatic power
he could leave untouched so mag-
nificent an opportunity as that
afforded by Charles and Cromwell."



"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. XV. JUNE 19, 1890. NO. 390.
28 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., bound, \$30.00; Vol. II., bound, \$15.00; Vols. III., IV., V., VI., VII., VIII., IX., X., XI., XII., XIII. and XIV., bound or in flat numbers, at regular rates.

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THE New York *Sun*, which seems like the sun of scripture, to tackle the just and the unjust with impartial fervor, has found a worthy quarry in the great American hog. All peoples have their hogs. Ours is possibly less prevalent and gross than those of some other nations, but there is a great work to be done for him none the less. His qualities show best in the public conveyances, where he crowds, takes up too much room, spits on the floor, and gets himself disliked in various particulars. It is a great work to mend his manners. Here's wishing that the *Sun* may have a large measure of success in it.

AND while the talk is about efforts at reform, the struggles of several of LIFE's metropolitan neighbors to bring the voters of the city to a realizing sense of the delinquencies of Tammany Hall are worth a moment's recognition. The venerable *Evening Post* in particular, has belied its years in the sprightliness with which it has escorted the sachems and sub-sachems down to the front of the stage, and introduced them to the audience. The sachems haven't liked it very much, but bashfulness has not been accepted as an excuse. They and the voters are a good deal better acquainted than they would have been but for the *Post's* mediation. It is a mystery that anything so persistently rotten as Tammany should persist at all; but not a greater mystery, after all, than that there should be sin in the world. Tammany forms on New York very much as green scum forms on stagnant ponds, because the materials for it are present and the conditions favorable. It is not an exotic, but a natural development. Presently it will stink so abominably that adequate measures will be taken to set the pond in motion, and then it will disappear again for a while, as it has before. New York is a wonderfully fine pond for scums. It takes a constant gale of public opinion to keep them under.

DO you hate England? Probably not; but you could hate her with ease and dispatch if occasion seemed to

demand it of you. Of course, you don't hate Englishmen, when they are pleasant; but England is not Englishmen alone. It is Englishmen, and English institutions, and history besides. The English individual is only one or two score years old, and stands on his merits as a man; but the nation's age is a matter of centuries, in which there is much that draws you to her, and much that inclines you to take advantage of your nearness to scratch her eyes out.

But are you interested in England? If you come of English stock, you are. And even though your origin is other than British, the fact that you speak the English language tends to Anglify you in some degree. However the magazinists may decide it, there is no sort of doubt that England is able to excite livelier feelings in the American breast than other nations can. Sometimes we love her; sometimes we don't; our feelings vary with her behavior. But whatever our feelings may be, kindness gives them added strength.

SINCE the recent experience of John Harvard's statue in Cambridge, friends of Harvard who have feared that she would never win another ball game from Yale, are in a serious state from apprehension that she will. The demonstration of May 31, including the exploits now widely known in the newspapers as the "Harvard outrage," emphasized very particularly what a desperate interval had slipped away since the Harvard athletes have had anything worth crowing over.

There is an affecting rumor that the heroes of the red-paint brush were seniors, who had never before had a chance to exult since they entered college, and were determined to improve the opportunity when they had it. Harvard certainly needs practice in the art of enduring success. What a pity it was that a handful of blackguards should have been in a position to mar a rare occasion by their petty rascalities!

THE recent decision in favor of the Tilden heir, coupled with the recent victory of Prof. Fiske, emphasizes the truth of the remark that where there's a will there's a way—to break it. As a founder of libraries, Mr. Carnegie is still ahead, and his method is hereby recommended to opulent citizens whose intentions are benevolent.

THE rumor that Chicago plans to have a great American beauty show in connection with the World's Fair is fostered by the enterprise of the *Chicago News*, which daily prints a column of portraits of choice Chicago ladies, with biographical explanations.



GLORIOUS CONSUMMATION OF A CAREER.

REPORTED PROPOSAL OF VICTORIA TO REWARD STANLEY WITH A KNIGHTHOOD.

HELP WANTED.

MRS. GRUBBS (*in the kitchen, 6 a. m.*): Dear me! The fire is out and no wood cut; no coal up, either. I'm not going to build it, Susie!

LITTLE DAUGHTER: Yes, ma.

MRS. GRUBBS: Go wake your father and tell him breakfast is ready.

RURAL METHODS.

"WHENEVER we have a fire in the country we first ring for the firemen, and an hour later for the police."

"What for?"

"The firemen to put the fire out, and the police to put the firemen out."



Before

OUR FRESH AIR FUND



After

LIFE'S village for the children is almost ready for its summer visitors, and the youthful armies now mustering will soon be in full possession.

Please remember that the dollars go very rapidly with two hundred children on our hands.

Every dollar contributed to this fund is so much toward getting a poor, and oftentimes a sick, child into the country for a fortnight. Four dollars is more than enough to pay his expenses for a fortnight, with transportation there and back.

Previously acknowledged,	\$842 65
From the "Inasmuch Circle of King's Daughters,"	24 00
W. C. H.,	10 00
H. E. M.,	5 00
From an entertainment on board the <i>Majestic</i> ,	48 60
Kendrick Bangs,	25 00
	<hr/> \$955 25



"THE SHADOW OF A DREAM."

THE obvious thing to say about Mr. Howells's strange story, "The Shadow of a Dream," (Harper's) is that it is a return to his old manner, of "The Undiscovered Country" period when he was dominated by the subtle influence of Hawthorne. Several who have written of the book have said something like this, and it is measurably true. But there is more in the story than this would suggest. Mr. Howells has not gone back to the mental equipment of ten or fifteen years ago. In the time that lies between he has grown in experience, breadth of view and insight; and all these garnerings show in "The Shadow of a Dream." There was more sentiment in "The Undiscovered Country," more fancy, perhaps—but here are emotions and perplexities of the deep, unreasonable sort which only wise men know to be nearest the reality.

The psychology of early novels is usually of the most logical kind. You can find abundant authority for it in the best text-books. But no system of mental or moral philosophy ever exactly fitted more than one human being—the man who devised it. When we are young in years or knowledge we subdivide a man into two or three well defined parts (as physical, mental and moral), each acting by entirely logical rules, wholly independent of the other. When we look around us attentively—or look into "our own hearts," as we say in deference to this artificial system—we find that these distinctions are the phantoms of highly organized brains which have used such symbols to express, not facts, but relations; that everything a man does or feels is the resultant of his whole organism, from the most ignoble to the highest function. In the full realization of this complex-unity Mr. Howells has written his recent novels, and men are consequently saying of him that he is more human, more sanely serious than ever before.



LUCK.

Farmer Hoskins (as he alights): WALL, IF THIS AIN'T A STROKE OF FORTUNE! THREE HUNDRED FER TH' HORSES AND WAGON, AND FIVE THOUSAND FER TH' OLE WOMAN.

TRULY this is an unpleasant story which never for a moment emerges from the dark shadow which is its theme. And yet it is a satisfying, though gloomy study. What Mr. James has called "the immitigability of our moral predicament" is over it all—as it is over us all—and yet we can be gay, or rather *must* be gay, for we know that nothing can mitigate it, least of all grief.

And so the inevitableness of this tragedy satisfies us, as I have ventured to say, because we know that it is natural. We are ready to conclude, with *March* in the story, that "*Hermia* being what she was, and *Nevil* being *Nevil*, we saw that it was impossible *Faulkner's* dream should not have always had power upon them; and the time came when we could regard their death without regret."

* * *

THAT solemn individual who reads fiction with seriousness will be glad to easily find a "deep moral problem" in the tale. The evil dream brought disaster on the hapless pair "because they were so wholly guiltless of the evil imputed to them." Why should they suffer so for no



Damsel (looking for compliments): NO, LIEUTENANT; I'M NOT COMING TO THE HOP TO-MORROW NIGHT, FOR CAPTAIN JUDSON TELLS ME THERE'S TO BE A PRETTY GIRL THERE FROM BALTIMORE, AND THERE WILL BE NO CHANCE FOR POOR ME.

Gallant but experienced Officer: OH! DO COME. I DON'T LIKE PRETTY GIRLS.

wrong? asks the author, and gives the reader the choice of two answers: Either "all suffering is to some end unknown to the sufferers or the witnesses, and no anguish is wasted;" or, what happened to them was neither penalty nor retribution, "but simply fate." It is the old choice between Paul and Socrates.

Droch.

NEW BOOKS.

HENRIK IBSEN'S PROSE DRAMAS. Edited by William Archer. New York: Scribner and Welford.

Bella's Blue Book. Translated from the German of Marie Calm by Mrs. J. W. Davis. New York: Worthington and Company.

The Shadow of a Dream. By W. D. Howells. New York: Harper and Brothers.

The French Revolution. By Justin H. McCarthy, M. P. Volume I. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Adventures in the Great Forests of Equatorial Africa. By Paul Du Chaillu. New York: Harper and Brothers.

The Magic Muse. Two volumes. By Henry James. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

PREPARING FOR HIM.

ST. PAUL: What shall we do to make that good man, Wanamaker, happy when he comes?

ST. PETER: How would it be to let him organize a Sunday School for the cherubs?

ST. PAUL: Just the thing! and we can start a bargain counter in connection with the Robes and Crowns department and let him run it.

PROBABLY A FAILURE.

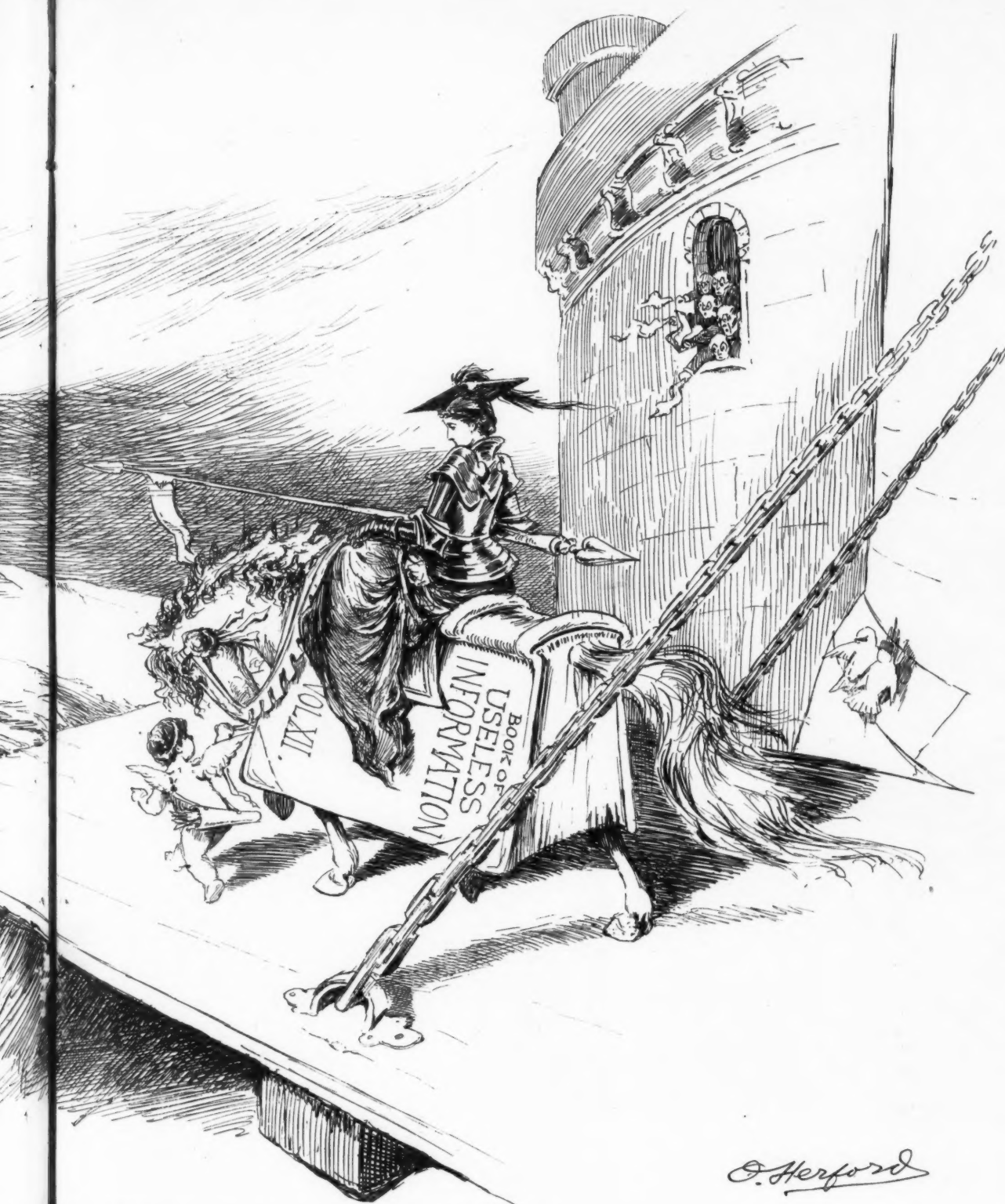
SMITH: Jones didn't make much of a success with that patent scheme of his, did he?

BROWN: No, I guess not. He still lives in Brooklyn.

IT is said that Quay can keep his mouth shut in ten different languages.



THE SWEET GIRL GRADUATE GOES FORTH FROM THE CASTLE OF



OF LEARNING TO DO BATTLE WITH THE WICKED WORLD.

THE BIRD WHO DIDN'T GET IT.

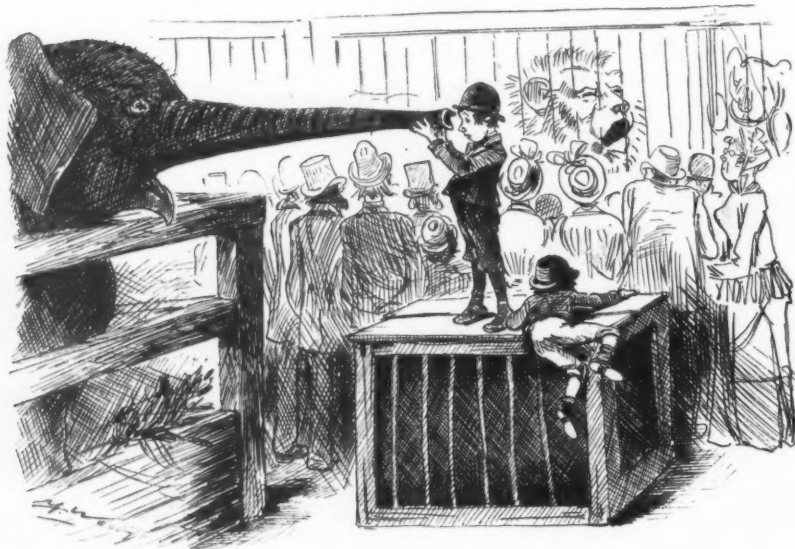


THE ONLY THING HE HAS TO CHANGE.

"I AM very curious to know, Mr. Stanley," said the interested young person, "what the unclothed savage of the African wilds does when the temperature changes—having no clothes, of course, he cannot change them?"

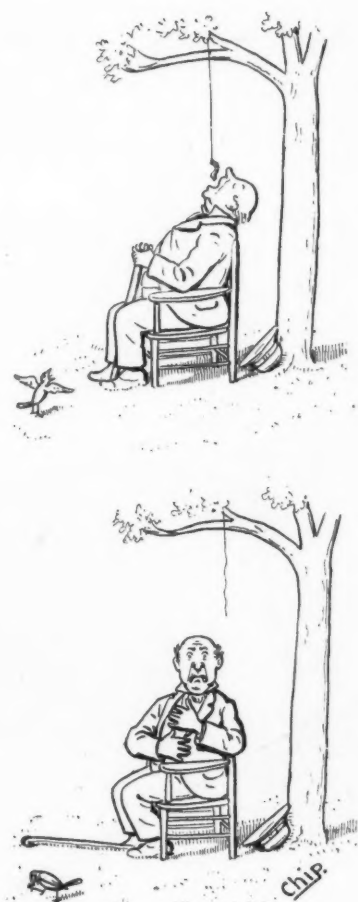
"No, madame;" replied the intrepid traveler, "but he changes his mind. That's all he has to change."

WHERE ignorance is bliss 'twere folly to pay \$2,000 a year to send a boy to Harvard.



A PRIVATE VIEW.

"HURRY UP, BILLY, AN' TAKE A PEEP. I KIN LOOK RIGHT DOWN INTO HIS STUMMICK."





"ETHEL, I'M ENGAGED TO HARRY DE RETCH—HE COULDN'T GET OUT OF IT LAST NIGHT."
 "YOU DEAR, CLEVER GIRL—I MADE HIM PROPOSE TO ME, TOO, ON TUESDAY EVENING, AND BETWEEN US, WHAT A TIME WE CAN HAVE WITH HIM!"

EDITOR OF LIFE.

WHY?

Dear Sir: Why is it that the Society for the Suppression of Crime raids the pool rooms, gambling dens, etc., yet permits open advertising of odds on races?

Why is it any more reprehensible to receive and place bets than it is to publish such articles as we see in our morning papers and evening "sporting editions." "Read the *Evening World's* tips on races," "Banister's Surprise Party," etc.?

Can any pool rooms promote to a greater degree the desire to bet and gamble on races than the "Barrister's Surprise Party," "Mutuals Banister straight, \$280.25; place, \$74.65," etc.?

Why is it that processions of Chinese appear again and again in our courts indicted for playing their "small games"—played quietly in what are to them their clubs—yet the members of our clubs are never interfered with? Is it less evil to lose dollars at whist than pieces of copper at their games?

Why is it that the police permit the street arabs to become proficient gamblers in our streets, and even gentlemen join the ring of spectators?

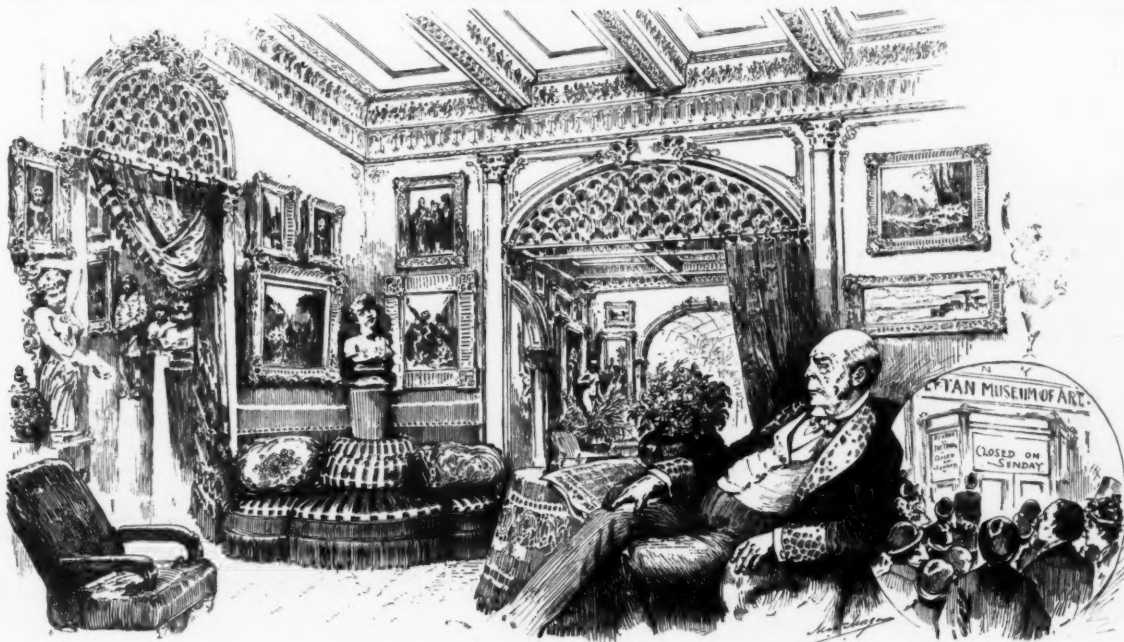
These questions are the natural thoughts of any one who has served on a General Sessions jury, and also of many who use their eyes by the way. Will you not bring them before the thinking public?

Yours,

W. B. H.

NOT ON SPEAKING TERMS.

"HOW are you and your uncle getting along now?"
 "We never speak."
 "Quarreled?"
 "No. He's dead."



HOW IT WORKS.

A TRUSTEE OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM; AT HOME OF A SUNDAY.

It is a brutal shock to his sensitive nature that the working people should wish to desecrate the Sabbath by visiting a museum of art on that day.



ONE SOUL SAVED.

First Evangelist: DO YOU THINK YOU HAVE FULLY SAVED MR. TIPPLE?

Second Evangelist: YES, INDEED. I HAVE PRAYED WITH HIM, AND SANG FOR HIM, AND READ TO HIM UNTIL HE HAS BECOME SO CONVERTED THAT HE IS GOING TO GET A DIVORCE FROM HIS WIFE AND MARRY ME.

WHAT THE PROVINCES READ.

Special to the Bugle.

NEW YORK, JUNE 15.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW is nothing if not democratic. He dines out every night, and always rides to his destination on the top of a Fifth avenue omnibus. I shared the box seat with him the other night, and he gave the driver a piece of silver to let him drive. As he jumped lightly down in front of Vanderbilt's brown stone caskets I asked the driver if he knew who the gentleman was.

"Sure, sir," was Jehu's reply; "The ribbons come handy to him. Isn't it auld Forepaugh, the circus man, himself!"

Our own Prince of Wits heard him, and called back to me with instant readiness:

Dear boy, never for the world mention this *faux pas*."

The bus rolled along to the accompaniment of a roar of irrepressible laughter from the inside passengers.

ROVER CLEVELAND gets stouter every day. He always walks through the great hall of the Equitable building, from William street to Broadway, on his way home at night, and is sure to stop near lame Jerry, who runs the boot-blackening stand in the corridor. The darkey is inordinately vain of his customer, and has had a huge chair built expressly to accommodate the widening seating surface of the ex-President. It is painted brightly in red, white and blue. Jerry says Mr. Cleveland wears ordinary calf-skin, congress gaiters, with stout soles, and seems fond of old ones. He watches Jerry at work with stolid indifference, but always gives him a dime for the job, though the regular price is five cents. It costs something to be a celebrity.

OUR Gotham aristocracy has all the haughtiness of the old *Faubourg St. Germaine*, in the days of the ancient régime. It will not admit a man for his wealth, but it stands by him if his fortunes are low. At a reception at ex-Secretary Whitney's the other night, Mayor Hugh J. Grant, whose father kept a saloon, was introduced to a clever looking young fellow, whose family is one of the oldest in the State, but who is forced to earn a living as a newspaper man. The paper man turned his back haughtily.

The Mayor demanded to know the meaning of the insult.

"Two years ago," said the other coldly, "you refused me a reporter's pass to a hanging, on the ground that they had all been given out. I decline to know you on the ground that I know politicians enough already."

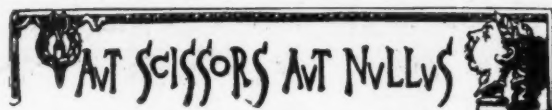
There are many ways of getting even in this world.

THE present head of our first family, who signs himself plain "Mr. Astor," is one of the most domestic of men. He dotes on his children, the youngest of whom cannot walk. Often on warm, bright mornings, he may be seen leading the eldest by the hand, and pushing the other in its gorgeous perambulator, on the Fifth avenue side of Central Park. This wonderful baby carriage is of yellow sandal-wood, with trimmings of solid silver, and upholstered in yellow satin covered with the richest point lace, and saturated with the bewildering perfume of attar of roses. On the circular satin awning are embroidered the arms of the family—a beaver with a flute in its mouth, rampant on a gold field, with a Dutch motto, which translated from the original means "The squatter corrals the unearned increment." When out with his little ones Mr. Astor always gives a dollar to every beggar who approaches.



First Chicagoan: I HEAR YOU HAVE ASSIGNED ALL YOUR PROPERTY OVER TO YOUR WIFE.

Second Chicagoan: YES; SOME TIME AGO I SUBSCRIBED FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS TO THE WORLD'S FAIR, AND I NOW HEAR THE COMMITTEE ARE GOING TO TRY TO COLLECT THE CONTRIBUTION.



DR. WATTS IMPROVED.

NOW doth the little busy fly
Improve each shining hour,
And when we are drowsy in
the morning, and the little
torment crawls over our neck
and buzzes around our left
ear, and flies glibly away
every time we slap, and dodges
around the room a while, and
then settles down again on
our nose, just as we are getting
back to sleep, and starts in
to investigate our most ticklish
nostril, oh! wouldn't we knock
that pestiferous little insect
sky-high

If we only had the power!—*Somerville Journal.*

THERE are circumstances under which the most truthful and credit-
able statements may be both misleading and unwelcome. During a

certain voyage of a Down East vessel, the mate, who usually kept the log,
became intoxicated one day, and was unable to attend to his duty. As
the man very rarely committed the offense, the captain excused him,
and attended to the log himself, concluding with this: "The mate
has been drunk all day." Next day the mate was on deck and resumed
his duties. Looking at the log, he discovered the entry the captain had
made and ventured to remonstrate with his superior.

"What was the need, sir," he asked, "of putting that down on
the log?"

"Wasn't it true?" asked the captain.

"Yes, sir; but it doesn't seem necessary to enter it on the log."

"Well," said the captain, "since it was true, it had better stand—it
had better stand."

The next day the captain had occasion to look at the log, and at the
end of the entry which the mate had made he found this item: "The
captain has been sober all day." The captain summoned the mate, and
thundered:

"What do you mean by putting down that entry? What was the
need, I say? Am I not sober every day?"

"Yes, sir; but wasn't it true?"

"Why, of course, it was true!"

"Well, then, sir," said the mate, "since it was true, I think it
had better stand—it had better stand."

The mate then took his departure hastily, dodging the marlinspike
as he went.—*Argonaut.*

YOUNG GOSLIN: Mr. Roks, I wish—er—that is, I desire—er—the
hand of your daughter."

ROKS: What's the matter with the rest of her.—*Ex.*

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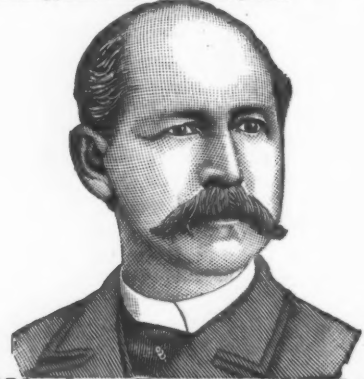
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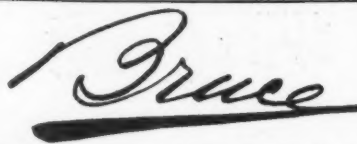
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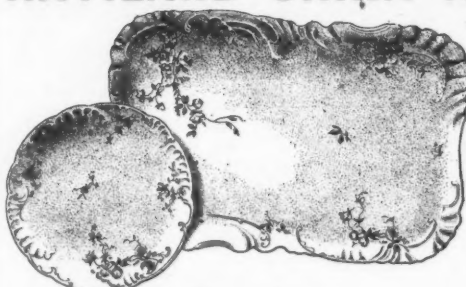
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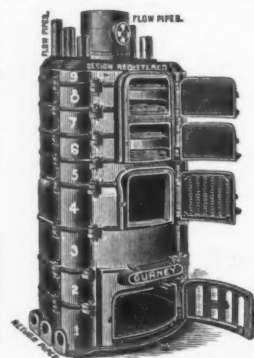
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